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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1901. NUMBER 26

Class Readings In The Bible

From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism

By

Walter L. Sheldon.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A Search for An Infidel

A SEQUEL TO JESS:

BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL

SECOND SERIES

By

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Twelve delightful essays dellvered by the author generally on return from his summer holidays.

The "*Living Church*," Milwaukee.

I am glad you wrote "Jess" and the other book.—Anonymous Correspondent.

For saints and sinners of every kind, inspired by charity and common sense.—"*Telegraph*," Philadelphia.

There is a healthy optimism which is invigorating.—"*Advertiser*," Boston.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who not long ago sent among the readers of the world his "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," has turned out another equally interesting, instructive and refreshing book. Refreshing, because it is one of the best vacation volumes that can be carried into the country. Its title may not be the happiest that could have been chosen, but after all, it is not likely that "A Search For an Infidel" will be rewarded by finding one. It may properly be deemed a nature book, for it is full of lessons, the objects of which are within the reach as well as the comprehension of every reader. How to make vacation profiitable mentally, morally and religiously is the aim of the author. He has succeeded wonderfully in harnessing objects and facts as the bases of his exquisite diction. The book takes the form of sermons—sermons with such starting points as "The Spade and the Pruning Hook," "The Dead Tree," "The Gospel of the Desert," "Water," "The Night Blooming Cereus," "Voices of the Night, a "Sunday on the Sea," "Guide Boards," and the "Everlasting Love." There is just enough of practical theology in these pages to indicate that there is practical religion in the world. The style is broad enough to suit every desire, and there is neither liberal or pious cant in its phraseology to mar its usefulness. No reader who starts in this "Search for an Infidel" will fail to be richer in the appreciation of what we call vacation time by what he captures, even if he does not come up with the infidel.—"*Eagle*," Brooklyn.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1901. NUMBER 26

The Conservator for July in a notice of The Reformers' Year Book or The Labor Annual for 1901, an English publication of which we have already taken editorial note, closes with this pertinent and searching comment:

> Are you a conservative? Here is nettle for your complacency. Here is an army armed. Here is an array before whose questions courts first quibble and then abdicate. If any man lives who thinks the economic problems will be solved before they are solved let him consult this roll call. For here is the muster of discontent, the catalogue of the oracles, the dramatis personæ of tragic events. Here is forecast: invitation to the friendly, threat to the malign.

The Conservator for July is before us and might almost be called a Whitman number, so rich is it in Whitman appreciation and suggestion. A paper that persists in the advocacy of the Whitman message or at least the contention that Whitman has a message, is justified however few may be its readers. A file of *The Conservator* made available by the necessary binding and indices would not only offer a rich Whitmaniana, but would contain much other interesting material interpretative of contemporary reform and reformers in the realms of thought and of literature.

The Literary Digest asks the question, "Do we need great war novels?" It says that "Poland, Russia and France already have each of them a great war novel, viz: Sienkiewicz's 'With Fire and Sword'; Tolstoy's 'War and Peace' and Zola's 'Le Débacle.'" The article closes with the call for a great English novel to match these. The highest task set for genius today is to make war horrible, the military spirit a reproach and national armaments and armies useless. The worst enemy of religion and the subtlest foe of humanity today is he who dismisses these possibilities with a sneer and pronounces the greatest needs of the race and the highest vision of seer and sage impracticable.

The twenty-fifth annual convention of the American Humane Association will convene at Buffalo, October 15-17. The meetings will be held in the rooms of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences. James M. Brown, of Toledo, President of the Association, and Elbridge T. Gerry, President of the New York Societies, will make the opening address. The work of this society is an obscure and a quiet one. Its constituency, numerically speaking, is an inconsiderable one, but it is one of the markers on the road of progress. Back of it lies untold centuries of cruelty to beast and unkindness to man. And still it represents a belated recognition of the truth confidently asserted by science that bird, man and beast belong to one family and that the laws of kinship and fellowship are cooperative all along the line.

The Indian Messenger, published in Calcutta, takes comfort in the fact that "India is not the only land of absurdities", and maintains this assertion in the fact that Elijah and John the Baptist have reappeared in Chicago in the person of Dr. Dowie. Our *Indian Messenger* adds, "We should like to know a little more about the earthly career of Dr. Dowie during his third incarnation". This "something more" asked for can be obtained by consulting *The Independent* of August 1, a lengthy extract from which is published in the *Literary Digest* of August 17. The *Digest* pronounces this movement "the most vigorous and interesting of the many new religious bodies which America has brought forth in late years." This article tells us that Dowie is a Celtic Scotchman, but is without "the soft Highland tongue," and "that he is incapable of any outbursts of the Celtic hwyl". It says that "the morality he insists upon is strict and pure" and "the writer believes him to be a man who sincerely desires to act and live according to the teachings of the scriptures".

The Society for the Prevention of Crime in New York city, sometimes known by the name of its organizer and most active promoter as "The Parkhurst Society", with Mr. Frank Moss as its council, seems to have furnished unquestionable evidence that the great police system of New York city, sustained at a cost of ten million dollars a year, is at various points in league with the gambling and other tough elements in the city; i. e., the very instrumentalities used by the city for the protection of the honest and the suppression of crime has come to be a shield to the criminal and a menace to the honest. While these disclosures are going on in New York, the chief of detectives of the Chicago force is criminated over his own autograph by sending to an Iowa sheriff the dispatch saying that a certain criminal much sought after and much needed in Chicago "is not wanted in the city at present, but he is a man that will bear watching". Perhaps these discouraging *disclosures* are overruled by the encouraging *exposures.* It is very hopeful that at least this kind of treachery is discovered. It means that there is a police force behind the policeman; i. e., public intelligence and a civic conscience. The discovery of the situation is the beginning of the improvement.

A recent editorial in the *Record-Herald* of Chicago, entitled "The Free Text Book Folly," proceeds to dispose of this suggestion, particularly for the children of Chicago, in a manner scarcely worthy the dignity of a great daily and the importance of the subject. The main contention of the article is that for economical considerations the proposition is not to be considered. There is the usual fling at "paternalism" and appeal to the prejudices of the churches who would put the parochial school at the front of American education. But the "Free Text Book" proposition is not a "folly,"

but the logical next step forward. And instead of being an "extravagance" it is a far-reaching economy. It has been proven over and over by expert investigation that the wasteful system is the one now in vogue. The forty thousand dollars now asked for by the Board of Education of the City of Chicago, if properly administered, it is safe to say will save the parents of the children twice that sum. School books are but an extension of the school building, play ground map and writing desk, the necessary tools of free education. Already with the approval of the *Record-Herald* and kindred journals provision is made for certain alleged "poor children". Already there is plenty of evidence from school teachers themselves that many parents and children are not only willing to pauperize but to perjure themselves in order to avail themselves of this "charity" provision. The public schools of America have no danger more imminent than that its power be broken by the introduction of the money line, the implication that the public schools are only for poor children, and that parents who can afford it owe it to their children to give them the advantages (?) of private schools. No, it is not a "Free text book folly," but a free text book wisdom today and it will be a free text book necessity tomorrow.

Tower Hill Summer-School.

The various phases of the work done at the twelfth session of this School have been already reported in the columns of UNITY, first by one and then another of those in attendance, so there is not much left to be told in this editorial resume, which has been the annual habit of UNITY. But whatever more there is to be said it is hardly within the editorial scope of UNITY, for UNITY has been co-tenant of the Hill with the Summer School, and for it to speak of it is like talking over family matters in public.

But a bird's eye view of the program and a synthetic estimate of the work accomplished with a glance at the road over which it has traveled and a word of forecast is in order.

The Tower Hill Summer School was never made; it is peculiarly a growth. For twelve years it has groped its way without precedent, capital, organization, profession or sect to back it. It has been able to take but one step at a time, and that conservatively. Each year has been a little more coherent than the preceding.

As a result of these small successes and the failures that did not discourage, the School has grown from a two weeks' Sunday School Normal Class into a five-weeks' work divided into the three general lines of literary, or more properly Scripture work, broadly interpreted, nature work and evening lecture work.

The Scriptural work this year was accentuated in five weekly periods. A search for a few of the classics in American poetry, a week in an outlined study of the New Testament as literature, a week with the wierd cycle of Norse myth, the Nibelungen Lied, a week with a small section of John Ruskin's message as a social philosopher, and a week with one of Browning's masterpieces; the third week being led by Miss Anne Mitchell, the other four by Mr. Jones.

Nature-work this year was more fully and deliberately handled than ever before through the generous co-operation of five of the professors of the University of Wisconsin. It was work that did itself, the hill and the river furnishing the text book, birds, grasses, ferns, trees, insects and rock offering ready text for attractive sermon.

The evening lectures, of which there were thirteen, ranged in topics from Abraham Lincoln to "Color in Nature," including such topics as Tolstoy, The United States Army in the Philippines by a captain who served there; two evenings on birds with colored slides, two evenings in geology, one night with John Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor, one night with The Ragged Schools of London, one night with John Brown and His Followers, one night at the Wagner Theatre in Beirut with musical and lantern interpretations, one night with fungi, and a biological night with the lower orders of life in their water houses.

There were three Sundays of double meetings with dinners in the grove.

Six Sunday evening vesper words from the poets helped touch the program with quiet and reverence.

The whole was interspersed with quiet talks, walks and occasional rides. Owing to the intense drought there was but one picnic this year but that one was a happy event.

Notwithstanding the intense heat and the prolonged drought that visited Tower Hill in common with the whole area of the Mississippi Valley, the residents on the Hill suffered the minimum of discomfort and the program moved off so quietly, the elective principle working so freely that there was slight evidence of fatigue or task feeling either on the part of the leaders or the listeners. Only the heroic "bus load" that day after day faced the heat and the dust through a three mile ride each way from the Hillside Home School displayed the stalwart spirit and expressed the mental and spiritual value of the exercises in terms of bodily discomfort.

A unique element in the constituency of the School this year deserves special mention. "The Academy," already playfully alluded to in the Tower Hill notes of a previous number, represented that growing and terrible host of city boys in the country during the months of July and August. Ordinarily the conception of the country in the mind of the city child is a place of unlimited license where there is a general suspension of the laws of courtesy, tidiness and order, and where even the principle of meum and tuum is interpreted loosely. And this view is often accepted as the inevitable one on the part of certain city parents because the dear children need the country so much. So aggravated is this period of lawlessness that in a thoughtful mood one stops to wonder whether the great hygienic advantages of the country, the growing potencies in fresh air, fresh milk and plenty of exercise are worth the moral disintegration and mental vacuity which they too often cost. The Tower Hill Summer School incidentally threw a little light on this problem. The little group of boys with all the boyish spirit (unattended by parents, but under kindly supervision) came into the systematic life and the ordered atmosphere of

the School found its exercises much to their intellectual enjoyment, they entered freely into the social pleasures of their elders and added much to the buoyancy of the Hill without detracting from its regularity and timely quiet. To the child even more than to the adult vacation should not mean vacuity, a respite from routine need not run into thoughtless noise and uncurbed riot.

All this for a resident community of about forty souls augmented by a day constituency from the outside of perhaps a dozen more, which outside constituency was somewhat enlarged at the evening lectures.

Did it pay? Certainly by the average material tests it can hardly be claimed a success. The exhibit is insignificant, but for Tower Hill even on this level the result seemed "encouraging."

But Tower Hill like UNITY declines to count noses. Here was a significant and potent constituency. It included one or more representatives from Rochester, New York, Ottumwa, Iowa, Dixon and Chicago, Illinois, Appleton, Hartford, Madison, Milwaukee and Platteville, Wisconsin, and Minneapolis, Minnesota, not to mention more near homes. Teachers from universities, public and private schools, kindergarten training schools and kindergartens were present, and one minister came to stay clear through to listen and not to speak.

This last item represents one of the two spiritual disappointments which compel confession at the end of twelve years of hoping and working, i. e., the two constituencies most in mind and closest to the heart of the Tower Hill ideal and quest were the tired minister and local teachers, the young people from "Sauk, Iowa and Richland counties," as the phrase used to run in announcements and speeches.

But the preachers as a rule have beaten shy of Tower Hill. Is it because they are intellectually and spiritually too much exhausted even to seek renewal in these directions, or is it because they find their needs more amply met in other directions; or is it, perhaps, that the ministry is still the most individualistic of callings and ministers are afraid of the co-operative method or are inefficient in trying to apply the same?

So also has it been with the hoped for "local constituency." The intense activity of the farm life in these harvest months which seems to grow more exacting with the growth of farmer devices and resources, seems to withdraw them more and more from "Emerson Pavilion." And the growing pressure upon the country school teacher to raise the standard of her "certificate," to increase her skill in the school room or the needed inspiration of numbers or something has compelled Tower Hill to witness a steady decrease rather than an increase of interest in this local constituency. And still evidence is not wanting that Tower Hill is a growing local influence in this bluff section; at least the management takes courage in thinking.

The session closed on Sunday, August 18, with the Twentieth Annual Helena Valley Grove meeting. Notwithstanding the forbidding dust and depressing heat the Emerson Pavilion, converted into an oak bower of touching beauty, was filled, not with a curious or critical crowd, but with bright faces of men, women and children, gathered across all the lines that divide a country community, political, social, sectarian and racial. The one dominant indication was that they all "felt at home," that they rejoiced in the presence of one another even more than in the words uttered. The senior editor of UNITY and Rev. Herman Hegner, pastor of Bethany Church of Chicago, spoke in the morning, and Rev. L. J. Duncan, of Milwaukee, gave the leading address in the afternoon on Influence, an address characterized with such insight and given with such persuasive power that one wonders why the opportunity for helpful work does not lay strong hands on the speaker at once.

The session closed with a memorial word spoken by the conductor of the summer school. These Grove meetings began as a memorial service for the little mother and then the stalwart father whose ashes form the center of the valley life near by. They have grown in their memorial quality until now the little Unity Chapel is enshrined in a holy community of graves and the memorial word outreached the family limits and neighborhood associations. Loving mention was made of the names of Mary Newbury Adams, of Dubuque, a friend and once attendant of Tower Hill; Charles Fowler, of Chicago, the carpenter helper who designed the pavilion in which the meeting was held, to whom the pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, said he was wont to turn when a leak in the roof was to be mended, a map of old Paris to be drawn or a difficult study class paper on Victor Hugo or Emerson to be written. That country audience felt a tender personal interest when the following roll of departed prophets of love and light was called, for they had all been at Tower Hill. This country audience representing a territory thirty miles in diameter, had received messages and had loved the messengers: R. L. Herbert, Henry Doty Maxson, John C. Learned, S. S. Hunting, F. W. Hugenholtz and Allen W. Gould.

Great has been the change in the thought hospitalities in this countryside during the last twenty years. There are twenty more years ahead and still many twenties after that, and Tower Hill has no ground for discouragement. Indeed, so great was the encouragement felt that the school itself refused to respect the hesitancy or the dilatoriness of the management and so by gentle violence they precipitated the forecast for the season of 1902. It will be found on the second page of this issue.

The Tower Hill Summer School takes heart. It proposes to keep right on striving more and more to deserve the attendance and co-operation of classes indicated in the forecast. When all is done that can be done in this direction then "with God be the rest."

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

Great men are the true men, the men in whom nature has succeeded.

A well-governed mind learns in time to find pleasure in nothing but the true and the just.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE.

Born, North Brookfield, Mass., 1868. Died 1899. Son of the Rev. Minot Judson Savage. Graduated at Harvard University. His "First Poems and Fragments" appeared in 1895, and was followed by "Poems" in 1898. His untimely death blighted the bright promise of a new and great poet.

March 20.

"Return, return!" the unheard cry
Of robins in the upper sky,
As by and 'long this barren coast,
In March comes up the southern host.

Low-anchored in the tangled swale
I mark them slant along the gale,
At speed, with every feather set
For some more distant harbor yet.

Around me is the mellow lisp
Of bluebirds warbling, and the crisp
Chick! of the sparrow, and the cheer
Of homing robins harbored here.

No forward aspen-leaf or oak
Has through his leathern jacket broke;
The grass puts up a doubtful wing;
The hazel censers coldly swing.

But maple-buds, new fashioned
On every stem, are tipped with red.
Green, saffern-flushing osiers glow
Above the wakened waters' flow.

Year in, year out, the fire of spring
Burns through its ashen covering,
Bursts up in flower and scent and song,
And drives the laggard March along.

Year after year the birds will fly
Along this same gray, mortal sky.
Praise God I see them and can say,
Another year, another day!

XV.

To a Pine-Tree.

If I could stand in such a plain,
With such bright sap in every vein;
Could throw upon so blue an air,
Branches so light and strong and fair;

If I could sink my roots so deep
In darkness where the spirits creep,
So broadly base, so firmly rear
My stem in such an atmosphere;

If I could balance and reveal
So utterly from head to heel
The music I was born to be,
In strophe and antistrophe;
Thou'dst not more nobly stand and shine
Than I, proud Atlantean pine.

XXIII.

To Flowers.

Vital breathings of delight
  Flush your cheeks with blue and gold,
Painted bannerets of light,
  Picketed 'twixt cold and cold.

Yet with purpose bear ye must
  Seasoned cannikins of fruit,
Ere the red autumnal rust
  Crinkles downward to the root.

This your little year, as ours,
  Blossoms cannot make sublime.
Ye are rooted in the hours,
  Ye are passengers of time.

The Seventh General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

Religion and Public Ownership.

An Address Given at the Delaware Baptist Church, Friday Evening, June 28, 1901, by Prof. Frank Parsons, Boston.

Religion and Public Ownership may seem, at first sight, far apart, but I think we shall find them closely related, vitally and fundamentally necessary to each other.

Many a man goes to church every Sunday, listens to the sermon (more or less), puts something into the contribution box, subscribes for foreign missions perhaps, sends his children to Sunday-school, says grace every meal (when not in too much of a hurry, or at least looks down at his plate in silence for a few moments before he begins to eat), and imagines that he is a very religious man, although he spends his business hours in trying to capture the wealth that others create.

Many a man who pays his employes less than their labor is worth, who waters the stock of his corporation, who secretly perhaps persuades legislators or councilmen to give his company a valuable franchise without compensation to the public treasury, imagines, nevertheless, that he is a very religious man because he believes in a certain set of doctrines called "The Creed" (or did believe in them once, or thought he did) and joined the church.

Both these men are grievously mistaken. They are not religious men; they have not one atom of religion in their composition, judged by the symptoms I have named. Unless there is something more, there is no religion there. The religion that will not last from the home to the factory, that will not go with a man from the church to the market, is no religion at all. That man is no more of a Christian than a wolf would be an elephant because a card were tied to his collar with the word "elephant" upon it. Religion is something more than a system of faith; it comprehends all moral duties as well as a system of belief. This is not merely the teaching of such men as Beecher and Brooks, and other great preachers living today, who have told us that religion is a life and not a creed; it is so thoroughly established that our lexicographers (Webster, for example, in his "Unabridged") tell us that religion comprehends all moral duties as well as a system of belief.

If, then, religion comprehends all moral duty, and it is moral duty to establish right and abolish wrong, then it is a part of religion to abolish private monopoly of public utilities. Private monopoly is unreligious, irreligious and immoral, a denial of the brotherhood of man and the sovereignty of love. Instead of the equalization of opportunity and advantage demanded by love and brotherhood, we have a congestion of benefit and the accumulation of wealth in a few hands, the injustice of robbing the people and of concentrating wealth that ought to go to the country, pouring part of it into the coffers of a few great monopolies.

Is it irreligious to corrupt government? Then private monopoly is irreligious. There is nothing in all the vast developments of the last century perhaps so remarkable as the development of theft.

In the old days when men desired to rob one another the principal method was to stand upon the highway with a club or pistol and waylay the victim, taking his money from him. Today, our refined robbers are no longer satisfied with the club or pistol. They use the railroad or the gas company, and take money by processes so secret, so undiscerned, that the people do not know a good deal of the time that they are being robbed at all. And yet I submit to you it is quite as much a robbery to take three cents a mile for riding

on a railroad when two cents would be a fair compensation, as it is to hold up a man on the highway with pistol or club and take his money; and the one hundred thousand dollars or the million of profit that result are stolen quite as much as if the hand had been put into the pockets of the people and the money taken out.

Fair exchange is no robbery, but unequal exchange under compulsion of necessity does not come within the rule. The people must use the railway, the people must buy oil and coal, and if the great monopolies charge more than is fair exchange for the labor and the use of the capital employed, then the people are robbed, and private monopoly becomes the giant robber of our time. Instead of running away with a sack of flour, the robber of today steals a grain crop. Instead of robbing one man on the highway, our robbers rob a continent at a time.

Now I do not mean to say that the mental attitude of our monopolists today is the same as that of the robber of the olden time. The custom of the age has buried our thought in such a mist of terminology that there is large excuse for our monopolists. They are taught from boyhood that "it is business to get all you can and give as little as possible." To get money is the fashion. The life long wish of the youth is to become a millionaire, or multi-millionaire, and he works for that end, regardless of right or wrong. The men who gamble with stocks in Wall Street are styled "great financiers," while the little robber has still to bear the uncivilized, undeveloped name of "thief." But the Napoleon of finance and the common sneak thief differ in many cases only in the extent of their pilfering.

Now, religion stands against theft, let it be under the name "hold-up" or under the names of "business competition," "exchange" or "finance." We must not allow our consciences and our religion to be obscured by nomenclature. We must ask, Is a fair equivalent given? If not, wrong is done.

Religion must stand then against private monopoly since private monopoly produces these wrongs. Let us look a little more closely at one or two of them.

Private monopoly corrupts government. In Philadelphia, not long ago, some valuable public franchises were given away. The Legislature passed the bills, the Governor signed them, the councils indorsed them, and finally the mayor signed the grants, although John Wanamaker offered two million and a half dollars to the city treasury if the fraud could be stopped, and new grants made to himself, agreeing to sell the franchises at auction and give the benefit to the people. In spite of that offer, the mayor late at night signed those bills.

Before this, Albert Johnson had offered Philadelphia three cent fares, and high wages to the men, twenty-one cents an hour and ten hours a day, if these franchises could be given to him. But the conspirators captured his plans, pigeon holed his bills and rushed their own bills through, and practically stole those valuable franchises.

Notice, it is private monopoly that men desire so strongly that they will put their lobbies in the legislatures and councils in order to capture votes.

In New York, a franchise was given to the Broadway Surface Company without any consideration to the public, and it was proved in court that five hundred thousand dollars had been given to corrupt the aldermen. Another company had offered to give the city itself a million dollars for that franchise, but the aldermen voted for the company that contributed to their pockets, instead of the city treasury. In that case the rascals were caught. Nevertheless it is one more illustration of the tremendous pressure of private monopoly. The privilege of getting something for nothing (or an equivalent for what you give, and then something in addition, and that additional "something" is "something for nothing") makes men so anxious to get a private monopoly that they will risk the penitentiary, and give thousands of dollars to legislators and aldermen in order to obtain a franchise or other monopoly.

In Kansas City, a little while ago, they had an election in which the men elected were pledged not to give a certain 30-year franchise extension; yet such influence was brought to bear that the council was won over by the franchise grabbers. When this fact became apparent, five hundred citizens, reputable men, with the President of the Mercantile Club at their head, went into the council chamber with ropes in their hands. They did not say to what use they were going to put the ropes, but they stood there in grim silence, and the councilmen did not grant the franchise. And Chicago, a few years ago, had to use somewhat similar methods.

Wherever you look you will find great monopolies—gas, electric, railway—and you will find the men who own these great monopolies putting vast pressure upon legislators and aldermen. Private monopoly is the great means of corruption in the legislative halls of our country. And this does not stand simply upon my testimony, but upon the statements of those who have studied this matter most deeply.

Eminent authorities declare that private monopoly is the prime cause of political corruption. Prof. Commons says that "nine-tenths of the existing municipal corruption and inefficiency result from the policy of leaving municipal functions to private parties." Prof. Ely says: "Our terrible corruption in cities dates from the rise of private corporations in control of natural monopolies, and when we abolish them we do away with the chief cause of corruption." The late Gov. Pingree, after years of mighty struggle for pure government, said: "The corporations are responsible for nearly all the thieving and boodling with which our cities suffer." Mayor Johnson, the new light in the political sky, says: "The worst evils of municipal government and municipal politics are due to the struggle for valuable franchises. That is the main source of corruption. * * * I blame the system which offers monopolies as prizes for corrupt politics. This system invites corruption and paralyzes progress. * * * The great cities will never free their elections and their governments from the prime source of corruption until they own their own street railways, and all other monopolies founded on public grants. It is a waste of time to talk about corruption in the police force, or corruption in the board of aldermen, while we ignore the all-moving power which dominates and demoralizes municipal politics."

If this is true, if private monopoly is the prime source of corruption, if the wish to get more than is given is a wish to rob, and this at bottom is the great attraction of monopoly, and if its methods are corrupt, then private monopoly is rotten to the core, and religion must stand against it, and for its opposite, the public ownership of public utilities. And public ownership, so far from having no relation to religion, becomes the very child of religion.

But some one may say, Is there not danger that public ownership of monopolies may lead to corruption quite as bad? No. Experience and reason both say with greatest emphasis, No. In America today, about four hundred cities and towns own their electric lighting plants, and in not one have I been able to find any real corruption. Prof. Bemis and myself have studied these cases very carefully, and have failed to find anything except here and there a few complaints of appointment because of political influence, and we find

that the public ownership of these plants is stopping and squeezing out even that abuse.

Under our private monopolies in Boston, the great street railways, through legislators, councilmen, etc., appoint their own men to city offices and state commissions, and the councilmen appoint their vassals and dependents to places on the street railways. The leading councilmen and politicians of the city have upon their desks blanks of the street railway monopoly which they can fill out, and get any man they choose a position on the railway system.

Other things equal, the more public ownership of great business affairs there is, the more pressure the people will exert to establish good government. The experience of Birmingham and other English cities demonstrates this; the change from corrupt to honest government having been secured in large part through the increase of civic interest awakened by the development of public ownership.

New Zealand is perhaps the purest example of governmental administration, and the reason is largely because the people own so many of the great properties that they are compelled to take a deep interest in public affairs, and see that capable men are elected to office.

The most influential class in America today is largely interested financially against pure government, and not for it. Why? Because through ownership of great properties and desire to own more of them and control the great franchises of the country, they are interested in having men elected who can *be controlled* BY *them, not men who will control* THEM in the public interest. They have financial interests antagonistic to the public interest, and it is to their profit to have men in office who will administer affairs in their private interest, and not in the interest of the public too much. The combines do not want men in office who will actually enforce the laws against combination, and the railways, the gas and electric companies do not want men in office who will administer the laws upon the statute books, and use the powers of goverment to compel them to reduce rates, and keep them from watering their stock. And so the financial interest of the wealthy is largely opposed to the public good. But change the great private monopolies into public monopolies, and at once you change the interest of that class, especially if you enact that the franchises, etc., shall not go back to private ownership unless it is so voted by the people at the polls. If you close the door so that the council or the legislature cannot change the thing right back again, if you put the people in between those who desire private monopoly and those who direct public affairs, then the interest of those men who control the government largely through wealth and influence becomes identical with the masses of the community in favor of pure government. It is not for their interest to have bad or incompetent men in office. Their interest, like that of the rest of the people, is in economic administration and good service, plenty of street cars, plenty of good seats, well paid employes, with short hours, good homes and everything that manhood needs.

Chamberlain, who has had such a prominent part in English government lately, and who was formerly mayor of Birmingham, wrote an article some years ago for one of our reviews, in which he gave something of the history of Birmingham; he told how corrupt it had been, and how pure a government it had attained, and he attributed the change very largely to the growth of public ownership of great monopolies, which compelled the people to take a new interest, and a deeper responsibility in public affairs, and had resulted, as in Glasgow, in the purification of government, so that those cities are now among the best governments in the world, where less than thirty years ago they were among the most corrupt.

I believe that this matter of corrupt government lies at the basis of our citizenship today. We, as religious men, must grapple with this proposition, go to the bottom of it, and see that it is our duty not merely to talk and preach to men to live pure lives individually, but to live pure lives as citizens and voters; to put their religion into their citizenship and every civic relation; to put their love of God and love of man into the ballot box and legislative hall; and to send no man to the council, to the mayoralty, to the legislature, or to any office of government, not even to the presidency of the United States, whose record, whose life, and whose principles they cannot rely upon to carry out his Christian faith and illustrate the brotherhood of man in every act of his official life.

A man may be kind and gentle in his home, a man may be a beautiful Christian in the church, and yet not be the man we need in our public life today. The man we want is the man who will say, in his public office:

> "This is wrong, therefore I will not do it. This is unjust, therefore it shall not be done if I can help it. I will vote against it, talk against it, work against it, veto it, carry it into the courts and to the people at the polls. If this public business were my private business, I would not act so, therefore I will not do so as agent of the people. The people's business shall have the same energy and care and skill that I would devote to my own business, and more, if possible. I will act in the public business as I would wish the public to act in my business if positions were reversed."

Men like John Wanawaker, who refused a million dollars offered him while Postmaster General if he would withdraw his bill against the lotteries. Men like Frank S. Monnett, the former Attorney General of Ohio, who was offered four hundred thousand dollars merely to keep a bill against the oil trusts pigeonholed, and who, though a man of moderate income, refused the bribe, and pushed the case in the courts. We want that sort of men. Whose duty is it to see that we get that sort of men? Yours and mine. You are the king in America, or part of him. The people are sovereign here. If in a country where one man or one woman is sovereign the people come to believe and know that the heart and conscience of that sovereign is corrupt, how miserable we should regard that country. If in America the people who are sovereign will not let their consciences act in civic life, how miserable the country that is governed by such a sovereign. There is no help for the future, unless the minds and consciences of the people can be roused to vigorous action in political affairs. Wealth gathers in our country; the pressure of private monopoly increases because the prizes to be won by it increase. Only by coming to the front with all the religious power we can command, can we overcome that tendency.

In New Zealand, the people have adopted as their aim the purpose that there shall be no millionaires and no paupers, and they are trying to carry it out in several ways.

1. Public ownership of the government. The government shall belong to the people.

2. The great monopolies shall be owned by the people and be administered in their interest. The railroads, telephones, telegraphs, for example, and even some of the farms and dairies are co-operatively run.

This is not merely good economics and good government; it is religion also. At the heart of religion lies the great command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; at the heart of this command lie the principles of equality and mutual service; and these principles of equality and mutual service demand the public ownership of public utilities and co-operative industry throughout the business system.

1. Brother love is the essence of religion—"For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Gals. 5:14; see also Rom. 13:8-10).

2. Brother love leads to equality and mutualism. If I love my neighbor as myself, I will wish him to have the same opportunities, rights and privileges I desire for myself. I shall not wish to live at ease while he is in want, nor be a millionaire while he is in poverty. Suppose the papers should come out with headlines two or three inches high, "Vanderbilt Baby Brought up in the Slums." "Brother of the Vanderbilts Heartlessly Left to a Miserable Existence in a Filthy Tenement. Appalling Neglect." "Brother of a Millionaire Resigned to the Care of Paupers and Criminals," etc. Would the people believe it? No; not even if they saw it in the New York Journal. Why? Because we have such evidence to the contrary where the relationship of blood exists. And yet babies are born and brought up in the slums, and according to Christianity every one of these babies is brother or sister to all of the people of the United States, millionaires and all, and according to the census of 1890 and the doctrine of brotherly love, every baby in the slums has brothers and sisters worth not merely a million, but 65 *billions*, nearer 80 or 90 billions now probably, and yet it might as well be zero as far as the average baby in the slums is concerned.

We are not brothers yet. We *say* we are sometimes, and that is one of the best signs of the times, because it shows where our ideals are, and where our ideals are *we* shall be some day. But as yet we are not even brotherly enough to help our innocent little brothers in the slums. If we were brothers there could not be a slum, neither children nor grown people would be left there in miserable tenements, nor left without employment. The right to employment is just as sacred as the right of life. A man who has no honest means of earning his daily living (and society is responsible for and to such a man for not giving him proper training, or opportunity of employment, or both) had better not have been born. And the society that allows children to be born into the slums without opportunity for education, without industrial training, and the opportunity for employment, is responsible for the wreck of soul and body that results.

And if I love my neighbor as myself, I will not merely wish that the man shall have opportunity for work, but that he shall receive the product of his work. I will not be willing to buy, or allow others to buy, labor at competitive rates; that is, to buy manhood as a commodity, degrading it to the level of coal and lumber. In the South before the war, the planter bought men out and out, took the whole life of a man and all his labor, and gave back enough to keep him in good condition, because it was the owner's interest to do so. In the North today, we do not buy a whole life at once, but we buy it on the instalment plan, a day, a week, a month, a year, at a time, and the purchaser takes the whole product the same as before, and gives back what?—enough to keep the purchased or rented life in reasonable comfort and good condition. Alas, in many cases, not nearly enough for that.

A darky in the South was seen going along with his hat under his arm in a rain storm. Some one asked, "Why not put your hat on your head?" And the answer came, "Hat's mine, bought 'im wid ma own money; head's massa's. Let 'im take keer ob iz own pwopaty." And Massa did take "keer ob iz pwopaty" usually, just as the owner of a valuable horse sees that it is kept in good condition.

In the North today, although in general the wage-earner is better off than the slave, yet multitudes of workers are not even as well cared for as the planters' slaves, and, at the best, wage-service is not brother-love, nor equality, nor justice, because the man does not receive his product; he only receives a part of it, and the capitalist takes a larger part than his due, and accumulates millions of unjust profits that buy legislatures and build great monopolies, and crush the people under a rising tower of oppression, injustice and aristocracy. Oh, I long for the time when this purchase of manhood shall cease. What difference does it make whether it be for fifty years at once, or day by day for fifty years, with the whip of want to compel the sale each morning anew? I long for the time when the old standards shall be abolished, and new ones established of a nobler type.

The relations of men fall into four great groups—conflict, mastery, partnership and devotion. Conflict and mastery are relations of antagonism; partnership and devotion are relations of harmony. The competitive system is made up of partnerships and devotions. The great law of natural selection and survival of the fittest applies to institutions and emotions as well as to individuals and races. The low relations of conflict and mastery are sure to give place to the higher relations of partnership and devotion. Antagonism means destruction, waste, debasement. Mastery means oppression, injustice, arrogance, subjection, degradation. On the other hand, partnership embodies the principles of justice, economy, harmony and mutual help; while devotion is the outward form of love. No relation lower than a partnership can satisfy the principles of equality and mutual service which we have found at the heart of the fundamental religious doctrine. In the industrial world partnership means co-operative industry, which in the case of a public utility becomes public ownership. In the realms of government, partnership means democracy. Religion therefore stands for democracy and public ownership, and no man can fulfil the duties of religion unless he does his utmost to secure the complete establishment of these great institutions so clearly demanded by the law of brother love that lies at the basis of Christianity.

To sum the matter from a somewhat different point of view:

Religion is the fundamental fact in life, the moral gravitation that holds society together in liberty and peace. Public ownership is the religion of industry. From the earliest times to the present day the progress of civilization has been marked by the growth of co-operation in wider and wider circles until in many spheres of action the all inclusive circle of public ownership has been reached. One of the principal tests of the degree of civilization in any nation is the extent to which it had attained the ultimate harmony of co-operative justice which we call public ownership.

Private monopoly is unreligious and irreligious, immoral and anti-Christian.

Religion stands for fair dealing, and private monopoly robs the people.

Religion stands for fair dealing, and private monopoly rops the people.

Religion stands for pure government, and private monopoly corrupts the government.

Religion stands for the public good, and private monopoly aims at private profit.

Religion teaches mutual service, and private monopoly is mastery.

Religion is love, and private monopoly is organized selfishness.

Religion cannot choose, therefore, but stand against private monopoly, and do all in its power for the abolition of such monopoly, and the establishment of true public ownership as the only adequate remedy for evils of private monopoly.

Private monopoly means antagonism of interest between the owner and the public, and results in congestion of benefit and aristocracy of privilege, and no

regulation can do away with this antagonism of interest which is the root of the evils of private monopoly, nor with the congestion of benefit, or the aristocracy of wealth and power that private monopoly creates. Public ownership alone can establish harmony of interest between the owners and the public by making the owners and the public identical. Public ownership and co-operation alone can remove the congestion of benefit and aristocratic power which results from the ownership of vast monopolies by a class. The antagonism of interest between such a class and the public, linked with the enormous power conferred by possession of great monopolistic privileges, will produce the evils mentioned so long as such class ownership exists.

Private monopoly means taxation without representation, and the power to make and unmake the fortunes of individuals, cities, states and nations—sovereign power in private hands. Only the people have a right to sovereign power, wherefore only the people have a right to monopoly. Public ownership is essential to the sovereignty of the people.

Among the principal means for advancing the cause of public ownership are: Direct discussion of public ownership in newspaper, magazine and book, pulpit, platform and convention. Leading examples, such as the Glasgow tramways, New Zealand railroads, Wheeling gas works, Detroit electric plant, etc., add new vigor to the movement. The rapid growth of municipal ownership and sentiment favorable to it in Europe and America proves the potency of such influences. Over 500 cities own their gas works. In America alone about 400 municipalities operate electric plants, where in 1882 there was but one. Our public water works have risen from one in sixteen in the year 1800, to 1,690 in 3,179 in the year 1896, or from 6.3 per cent to 53.2 per cent of the total. Besides the plants built from the start, 205 have changed from private to public ownership, while only 20 have changed the other way. In Massachusetts, 29 plants out of 67 have changed from private to public, and 75 per cent of the water works are now public property. From 100 per cent private to 75 per cent public in less than a century is a very decided change. There was only one public tramline in Great Britain before 1893; from 1893 to 1895 four cities entered upon the operation of their street railways; from 1896 to 1898, inclusive, ten cities began to operate their tramways, besides a short line in London, and now over 30 cities in Great Britain own and operate their tram lines.

Nevertheless, powerful as discussion and example in the direct line of public ownership have proved themselves to be, I do not regard them as the deepest or strongest influence at work. The tendency to union, organization, co-ordination, is irresistible—the same power that builds the trusts, to get rid of one set of antagonisms, is establishing, and will establish, public ownership to get rid of another set of antagonisms. Increasing organization and widening co-operation are the test of advancing civilization, and it cannot be complete in any department of industry till it reaches the all-inclusive co-operation of public ownership, or of universal voluntary federation; and for *monopolies* the simplest and easiest, and often the only practicable, way to attain the final union is through public ownership.

Deeper even than this industrial gravitation that is drawing us towards economic harmony lies the *soul gravitation* that is drawing us towards the still richer harmony of sympathy and brotherhood. Deeper than any ecomonic discussion or movement is the effort to make men realize that loving service makes life far richer than conquest, either military or commercial; that honor and happiness are measured by what we give the world, not by what we take from it; that love and brotherhood are the true solution of all social problems. When men are really brothers, and love their neighbors as themselves, no private monopoly will be possible, no advantage by which a few may hold the many in subjection, and live in luxury while others toil will be tolerated. Ennobled manhood will necessitate equal rights and privileges and the public ownership of all monopolies.

Deepest of all lie *the teaching and training of the young,* so they shall not only understand the movements of their time, and the difficulties and dangers that surround them, but shall be so filled with the power of love that they will not merely render it lip-homage one day in seven, but obey it with all their faculties every moment of their lives. The fundamental work is to implant in the mind of youth the ideal of loving service in place of the ideal of commercial conquest, and to register in their nervous systems the law of love till obedience to it becomes reflex. Back of every economic problem lies a moral question. Progress in either reacts upon the other. Every advance in real public ownership or co-operation eliminates antagonisms and helps the development of sympathy and brotherhood necessitates a further movement toward public ownership and co-operation. A nobler manhood is at once the richest result and the mightiest cause of public ownership and the transformation of mastery and servitude into fraternal partnership.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes on New Books.

From India to the Planet Mars. Time was, and not long past, when the study of mediums and spiritualism was tabooed to science. That time has fortunately gone. Surely science must deal with all real phenomena and, explain them as we will or fail to explain them, as we often must—the phenomena of spiritualism and mediumship, of clairvoyance and somnambulism, are real phenomena. A considerable literature of serious investigation is accumulating now about these subjects and the volume before us is an important addition to it.

Dr. Flournoy, the author, is Professor of Psychology at the University of Geneva, Switzerland. He styles his book "a study of a Case of Somnambulism with Glossolalia." His subject, described under the fictitious name of Helene Smith, is a young woman of good health, sound intelligence and attractive personality living in Geneva. She is not a professional medium, but has for some years past held circles for acquaintances without pecuniary return. Dr. Flournoy has been in constant attendance upon these since 1894 and presents data regarding these seances and discusses them from the psychological standpoint.

Mlle. Smith in her mediumistic or trance states participates in three great romances which, during these years, she has developed in vast detail. She believes herself controlled by a spirit guide whom she names Leopold. Though unquestionably a creation of her own, originating in her subliminal consciousness, she considers him an actual existence. He takes possession of her and speaks through her. He not only absolutely controls her in trances, but directs her ordinary life, as she depends upon his advice in mundane affairs.

He is present in her trances and explains obscure points in her doings or utterances to the spectators; he understands all her moods and enters into all her romances. Flournoy calls these romances the Hindoo or Oriental, the Royal, and the Martian. In the Oriental romance Mlle. Smith considers herself as the embodi-

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From India to the Planet Mars: Th. Flournoy. Translated by Daniel B. Vermilye. Harper & Bros.: New York and London. 1901. 16mo; pp. xx., 447. $1.50.

ment of the spirit of an Indian princess of the fifteenth century; in the Royal romance she is Marie Antoinette and Leopold figures as Cagliostro; in the Martian cycle she appears able to "enter into relation with the people of Mars and to unveil their mysteries." In all these stages the medium assumes the voice, manner and appearance of the spirit personage whom for the moment she incorporates. But in her waking moments she believes in the reality of all these experiences.

The most interesting of these romances is the Martian and its most interesting feature is *glossolalia*. In these trances Mlle. Smith speaks a new language which she believes to be that of the inhabitants of the planet Mars. This language Dr. Flournoy carefully investigates. In phonology and grammatical structure it is plainly influenced by French; the vocabulary is new and few words show any trace of French influence. The language is a real one and the words are consistently and definitely employed. This creation, in the sublimal consciousness of a language, is highly worthy of study. No other case of glossolalia has been so carefully and critically examined.

Those who wish to know more of this interesting case will find Dr. Flournoy's book delightfully and simply written. The author does not feel that, in naming a phenomenon, he has explained it; he does not hesitate to admit ignorance, when he must. The book is illustrated with more than two score cuts, reproducing drawings and writings produced by Mlle. Smith while in somnambulistic conditions; among these are examples of Martian scenery and writings in the Martian character.

Mr. Scruggs' book on the Colombian and Venezuelan Republics is by no means the common book about foreign lands. Its author has lived for twenty-seven years in those republics and from his official relation has had exceptional opportunities for information. Most intelligent persons in the United States are grossly ignorant of Colombia and Venezuela. In this book we have a well-written description of the two countries and a series of sketches of their important relations to the outside world. Topics like the Panama Canal, the Monroe Doctrine, the Anglo-Venezuelan Boundary Dispute, are of strong interest, timely, and of public importance. Of more general questions, Revolutions of Spanish-American Republics, the Race Problem in America, Democracy in South America, and the Rights of Foreigners in South America, are vaguely appreciated by us, though of great practical significance. All these Mr. Scruggs discusses lucidly and dispassionately. The reading of this book will give intelligent citizens a better appreciation of two nations with which we are destined to have increasing relations, both commercially and politically.

Mr. Sutton was in our Consular Service in Mexico for fifteen years, long enough for him to acquire an acquaintance and sympathy with the Mexican life and character. The stories presented in his *Flower of the Tropics* are romantic, with a strong undercurrent of pathos, and are well told. Interesting to all, they will have a special attraction for those who, having been in our sister republic, know something of its people.

Mr. Simmons' book is less devoted to *The Nicaraguan Canal* than its name would indicate. The third chapter gives a readable description of the great waterway—its history, its plan, the work already done, and that which is still to be done. Three other chapters contain an account of a personal journey over the canal route. The balance of the book is a plain and simple sketch of the country and people. The chapter on antiquities is badly done and none of the book shows profound study or acquaintance. But it is interestingly written and timely. Mr. Simmons is a thorough advocate of the canal and the book is, in a sense, propaganda literature. Personally we consider that our government is little likely to construct the canal. Should it do so the waterway is likely to prove an economic failure and it will not have the great military value commonly attributed to it. But, whether it is constructed —for the financial benefit of its promoters—or not, present agitation gives a zest to reading about "the land of the great water," and Mr. Simmons' little book is welcome. It is well illustrated and among the pictures of importance is a capital birdseye view of the country and of the canal as planned.

We have already noticed in UNITY Mr. Bayer's *Maternal Impressions*. In his new book, *Modern Researches*, we find the same intense earnestness, honesty of purpose, and simple directness which marked the earlier book. Mr. Bayer believes he has discovered why so many children are unhealthy, why so many persons are abnormal, why child-bearing is so painful and dangerous. He believes that everything depends upon the mother's condition during pregnancy. He expands his earlier book, developing points merely suggested before. To your reviewer it appears that he has made important discoveries. We do not admire his polemics with scientific theories because he usually fails clearly to appreciate them and necessarily fails to meet them. He would much better merely state his facts and ideas and leave them to do his fighting for him. If they are true, his book has high importance—both scientifically and practically. The book is written for the people and ought to work for good. FREDERICK STARR.

The Philosophy of Religion.

"The Philosophy of Religion says Prof. Caldecott investigates its foundations in the principles of belief as applied to the data produced by science and philosophy."

"The term Theism is also at our service, and it has the advantages belonging to a single word."

One almost wishes he had used only the single and simple word. What the book gives us is a critique of thirteen types of Theism, such as "Intentional," "Demonstrative," "Transcendental," "Ethical," etc. Prof. Caldecott does not "consider it his business to adjudicate upon their competitive claims for preference, but rather to point out what they have made good and wherein they fall short." The book is a painstaking comprehensive, critical and judicial summing up of the achievements of theistic thought thus far in England and Amercia. No other book travels over just the same ground in the same way. It is a genuine contribution to the greatest of topics, *Theism*. The two pages at the beginning of the book devoted to the definitions of terms, often somewhat ambiguous, are exceedingly timely and welcome. J. F.

The Columbian and Venezuelan Republics: William L. Scruggs. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston; 1900. 16mo.; pp. xiii., 350. $2.00.

A Flower of the Tropics and Other Stories of Mexico and the Border: Warner P. Sutton. The Abbey Press: New York, London and Montreal; 1900. 12mo.; pp. 121. $1.00.

The Nicaragua Canal: W E. Simmons. Harper & Bros.: New York and London; 1900. 16mo.; pp. vi., 335. $1.50.

Modern Researches—Physiological; Psychological: C. J. Bayer, U. S. Scientific Publishing Co.: Chicago. $3.00.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Providence is a seeing before a foresight, not an afterthought.

MON.—Spirituality is an attitude, an atmosphere, and is the only thing you cannot teach.

TUES.—There is no distinction between nature and grace. Nature *is* grace.

WED.—What men have known of God is not in the books, but in the soul.

THURS.—It was by reason of the living Sonship in himself that Jesus Christ was able to proclaim the living Fatherhood.

FRI.—We speak of prayer, but the vast significance of the word is not yet understood.

SAT.—Experience is the greatest of all proofs, and yet it is about the only thing that cannot be demonstrated to others. —*Ecce Spiritus.*

A Legend.

There has come to my mind a legend,
  A thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it—
  Ah, well, it matters not.

It is said that in heaven at twilight
  A great bell softly swings,
A man may listen and hearken
  To the wonderful music that rings,

If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
  All the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache and weary longing,
  That throb in the pulses of life—

If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
  All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear, in the holy twilight,
  How the bell of the angels rings.

And I think there is in this legend,
  If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning,
  My friend, to you and me.

Let us look in our hearts and question:
  Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
  The dwelling of thoughts of sin?

So then let us ponder a little;
  Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
  Could ring for us—you and me.

—*Somerville Journal.*

Love, the Conqueror.

A True Story of the Australian Bush.

As Mrs. Morgan bent over the wood-heap in the yard of her Australian home in the dusk of the early morning, she felt a sharp, fiery sting in her arm, and, looking down, saw a snake glide away among the logs. She flung down her armful of logs and rushed into the house. A sharp butcher-knife lay on the table; this she seized and cut the wound, then sucked the blood. But she had little hope, for the bite was from the fangs of a venomous snake, and she had received the full force of the poison.

Already she seemed to feel the first symptoms of coming death in the deadly lethargy which crept through her limbs. The thought of her babies, now lying asleep in the adjoining room, further agonized her, for a mental picture rose before her of her darlings starving slowly to death. And how sad would be their father's home-coming! How terrible to find the wife and children he had left alive and well lifeless corpses!

Then her mother-love cried out for time, only a little time, in order that she might provide for them. Her husband had been away shearing for six weeks. He would be back in a fortnight, and she must prepare enough food to keep them for that time. It would be no use to try to take the children to the nearest neighbor, fifty miles distant; she would die on the way, and leave the helpless little ones in the cart. The old horse *might* know enough to take them to their destination, but probably he would return home. There was ample flour in the house; she would bake and cook, and fight death until enough food was prepared to keep the children alive until their father's return.

With feverish haste she ran back to the wood-heap, where she found the snake pinioned under one of the logs she had flung down in her horror. She quickly killed it; then she returned to the kitchen, lighted the fire, put on the camp oven, kneaded up the dough she had prepared over night, and put the loaves in the oven. Then she prepared other batches of bread, and placed them in the warmth to rise. Every few minutes a horrible drowsiness came over her, but she resolutely fought it down. She must do her work, and death must be forced to wait until it was done.

The children awoke and called for "mamma." She attended to their little wants in a kind of dream. Every now and again she would sway and nearly fall, but always with a strong effort of will she would shake off the fatal coma and address herself to some new task.

The water used in the house was drawn from a well near by; a supply must be secured and placed within reach of the children, the horses must be taken from their own paddock and put in the one where the sheep were grazing, within reach of the great clay water-tank. Little Mora, the eldest of the four children, was trained to take care of the younger ones when mamma should have "gone to sleep." Thus the day passed in ceaseless activity, and the evening found the mother still alive.

Only once had she fallen into the comatose state which precedes death from snake-bite, and she was roused from this stupor by little Mora, whom she had bidden not to let mamma sleep for one moment, and by the screams of the younger children. She had risen and run up and down like one distracted until the heaviness partly left her.

Even now, when night had come, and the children were peacefully sleeping, she did not dare to lie down lest she should never rise again. She looked around with intense satisfaction on the pile of loaves she had baked; at least her babies would not starve. Then hope began to dawn. If she had lived through the day, might she not recover? Then a dim recollection came of having heard that if one could ward off the deadly coma until the snake poison was worked out of the blood, life might be saved.

Spurred by this hope, she went out and passed the night walking up and down. The morning found her weak and weary, but alive and hopeful. When the little ones awoke they cried out to her: "O mamma, don't go to sleep! Please don't!" "I's so scared! Please don't go to sleep!"

Tears of joy filled the mother's eyes as she kissed them, saying, "I won't go to sleep at all. I will stay with you all the time till father comes home." And so it proved. Mrs. Morgan did not die. Her mother-love, which had first stimulated her to action, had saved her life. Love conquered death.—*Youth's Companion.*

Affection in the Home.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They return from a journey, greet their families with a distant dignity and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments.

There is hardly a more unnatural sight than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affection. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial and fraternal love.—*Miss Mulock.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Tower Hill Notes.

THE PARACELSUS WEEK AT TOWER HILL.

The fifth week of the Tower Hill School opened with a study of Paracelsus. The interest in Browning's masterly delineation of character as embodied in Paracelsus, was unabating during the entire week. As we sat in the Pavilion, screened from the annoying features of woodlife though not shut out from its beauties; seated in our comfortable rocking chairs with the twittering chickadees in the trees above and the glancing sunshine through the branches, our honored leader before us, leaning upon his pulpit—a most fitting bit of oak tree life—we thought: "It is well to be here."

We were given first the setting and purpose of the poem. To those of us unfamiliar with the poem this was most grateful.

Paracelsus, a young man of university training, embodying the learned lore of the Middle Ages, feels himself chosen by God to go forth into the world to set free the truth within the souls of all alike, to search for the secret of life.

"'Tis time
New hopes should animate the world, new light
Should dawn from new revealings, to a race
Weighed down so long, forgotten so long."

Part I. Paracelsus, fired with the enthusiasm of youth, is ready to thrust aside the wisdom of the past, and his ambition cares for neither praise nor love. He is warned by his friend, Festus, that such methods will not prove fruitful. As we listened to his words, interpreted by the majestic tones of our leader's voice, so great were they that we felt the enthusiasm for the true knowledge glow within us.

Part 1. Closes with Paracelsus plunging into the unknown world, his fearless spirit showing in the words:

"Are there not
Two points in the adventure of the diver?
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One—when a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!"

Part II. Paracelsus, grown prematurely old in his search but still without the knowledge sought for, stoops to gain some secret from the conjurer, a course he had scorned to pursue before. He has lost his youth, his hope, his trust. He has failed, he knows not why. And now, in what Mr. Jones calls the thinker's prayer, he begs that he may at least keep his mind.

"God, Thou art Mind! Unto the master mind,
Mind should be precious! Spare my mind alone!"

Then comes the ethereal Aprile, the poet who "would love infinitely and be loved." Love, alone, with no other force in his life has made of him a feeble loveliness but he teaches Paracelsus that *knowledge* alone is not life; that the *lover* must *know* and the *knower love* if both would be saved.

In Part III. Paracelsus is a successful professor at Basil. His friend, Festus, comes to rejoice with him, but is amazed at what he sees and hears. Paracelsus, the honored one, the favored one, is yet not happy. He has not yet found the truth. He has abandoned the search but is willing to give what he has gained to his followers. Aprile's words he remembers but the power of loving seems dead in him.

Festus hears him say:

"Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity,
And these I have lost!"

And Festus leaves him, first wringing from Paracelsus the promise that when he can hope and strive again he will send for him.

Part IV. Paracelsus declares to his friend Festus, that what he expected has come to pass. Those whom he sought to benefit have cast him out. He will go forth again in search of knowledge, this time seeking it, whether it be good or evil, through enjoyment. He recognizes his own unfitness and in the beautiful lyric—"Over the sea our galleys went," he strikes the keynote of his own failure. It is

"The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault and withered in their pride."

Part V. shows Paracelsus drowsing into death in a hospital cell. Festus, the unfailing friend, by tender, patient effort brings him back to consciousness and then his one desire is to give his friend, "God's message" which has come to him at last, in his unending search.

And here does Browning show his wonderful, prophetic vision of the progress of the world. The development of the evolution theory given here, years before its scientific discovery, is so far-reaching that a professor speaking on that theory today could scarcely find a better statement of his subject than this dying speech of Paracelsus.

And not only does the dying man see the steady growth and climbing of the *Past*—the Future of man, too, glows for him with greater glory. He dies, but his faith in *life* is undiminished. So was our own as we listened to his last *un*dying words:

"If I stoop into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud
It is but for a time. I press God's lamp
Close to my heart; its splendor soon or late
Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge one day."

G. M. B.

* * *

NATURE WORK AT TOWER HILL.

NATURE WORK.—Those who have shared the intellectual and spiritual communion at Tower Hill this season have been fully satisfied with the experiment of nature work for teachers, which has been tried there a few weeks in July and August. The underlying purpose of the work given was to aid such teachers as desired it to become familiar with the opportunities for inspiration to themselves and their children in the wild life of the woods and fields and swamps all about us. And while thus teaching the bird life and insect life, the trees and flowers of the Hill, it was the constant aim to so harmonize this instruction with what was being given us in literature that it would seem but the out-of-door complement of the pavilion lesson from day to day. The nature work was given by three members of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin and in the order of occurrence was as follows: Dr. Libby gave the bird work the last week in July. The program consisted of six talks on birds and two evenings with bird slides. One of the talks was on bird migration, a concise statement of the latest advance in this almost unworked field. The special work with nocturnal migration now being carried at the Uiversity of Wisconsin was made the occasion of much fruitful suggestion as to what the children could do in observing for themselves the migration of the birds. There was also a talk on bird music with several songs of the birds suggested by notes placed on the blackboard. A collection of bird skins was used with good results in pointing out the identification marks of the common birds. Along with this went field work as opportunity offered. The effort here was to know the bird on the wing and in motion wherever he could be found. Dr. Marshall gave part of one week to insects both in talk and in field work. He began with a general talk on the insects illustrated by specimens of grasshoppers which the members of the class had before them to trace out the parts as they were described. Then there were talks on ants and solitary wasps, the latter enforced by a trip with members of the class to a neighboring sand hill where a great variety of wasps burrowed. An evening lecture illustrated by slides gave a concise picture of the various forms of life in the whole animal world. Dr. Marshall is a specialist in insect life and proved a most valuable addition to the corps of nature study instructors on the Hill. Mr. Denniston had the field of trees and flowers to range over and in this rather wide subject he gave us a day with the ferns of the locality, an illustrated evening lecture on fungi and field work to correspond. One of the most instructive talks was upon the intimate relation existing beween plants and insect life.

The two weeks were exceeding full ones for such teachers as had the time and the strength to give to it. Every one felt that if they could come next year they would bring their friends, too, in order to profit by the effort to use nature as inspiration and to give teachers more and more insight into common out door life.

As soon as a sufficiently large attendance can be assured a double course of five weeks on zoology and botany will be given at Tower Hill. The courses will be identical in spirit with those given this year but will be larger and more thorough and leisurely, as far as possible in harmony with the vacation spirit of the Hill.

DEDICATION OF A HOME AT TOWER HILL.

We dedicate bridges, ships, railway stations, school houses, theaters and churches, and why not dedicate homes? We have indeed, various social festivities celebrating the opening of a new house, but it is to be feared that on these occasions we give too little thought to the sanctity and consecration of possibilities which cluster around the establishment of a new home center.

In our most sacred experiences of life the man of God stands as the advocate through whom we plead for the blessing which the Father is always ready to bestow. At the marriage, at the christening and at the time of departure from this earthly home to "a house not made with hands," our hearts are cheered and strengthened by the messages which the minister bears. To some it seems fitting that the opening of a new home should be celebrated with a simple ceremony investing the new life with seriousness and earnestness of purpose.

During the last ten years or so four homes in Chicago have been thus dedicated by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Even a summer residence is more than a place of entertainment and on Tower Hill three homes have been consecrated to use and beauty by Mr. Jones.

Last week it was the writer's privilege to make one of the happy christening party which gathered to name and consecrate the youngest of these, the cottage above the pines.

The first thing that met the eyes of the visitors approaching the cottage was its significant name, Wah-ze-dah, the Chippewa word for pine tree, outlined with birch twigs on a pine board nailed to the veranda. The guests were seated on the porch facing the river and the sunset over the hills which are thirty miles away. Mr. Jones began the dedication service with the thought expressed at the beginning of this sketch. At his request quotations were read, many of which contained special reference to sunsets and pine trees, and these our hearts applied to the scenes before us. Two may serve for illustration:

"O glory of the dying day
That into darkness fades away!
O violet splendor melting down
By river-bend, o'er tower and town!
O glory of the dying day
That into darkness fades away!"
—*W. W. Campbell.*

"As sunbeams stream through liberal space
And nothing jostle or displace,
So waved the pine-tree through my thought
And fanned the dreams it never brought."
—*Emerson.*

After the reading of about thirty selections, cordial congratulations and greetings were exchanged, the spirit of which is expressed in the following lines written by the Rev. Herman F. Hegner of Chicago:

"Wah-ze-dah," child of Tower Hill,
With friendly hearts and right good will
A name we give to thee;
From sister pines thy frame was wrought,
Transformed by a creative thought,
Whose master thoughts are we.

Here echoes of the song birds swell,
While brother pines stand sentinel
With whispers soft and low:
They breathe a scented woodland peace
That glorifies the golden fleece
Of lingering sunset's glow.

Thy friends rejoice to find in thee
Rich gems of thought and poesy
In fellowship's deep mine;
We hail thy hospitality,
Thy mistress we commend to thee,
Wah-ze-dah, Kingly Pine!

Mr. Jones then read Mr. Gannett's beautiful poem, "Where did yesterday's sunset go?" after which all joined in singing "Abide with me." After a short, informal account of the building of the cottage, and its meaning to those most interested, the leader pronounced the invocation asking all to repeat in unison the closing words: "We dedicate this house to the love of nature, to rest of body and soul, and to the communion of the inner life."

Sunset and twilight were over, the landscape faded from sight, and the party came in to see the simple but comfortable furnishings of the new house added to the homes on the hill, "the holy hill," as one has reverently called it.

Each guest was pleased to sign the birchbark register, headed with photographs of Wah-ze-dah and the group of pines which suggested its name, and on which was inscribed the house motto:

Once again the pine tree sung:
Speak not thy speech my boughs among;
Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
My hours are peaceful centuries.
—*Emerson.*

Shall I say this ended the dedication service of Wah-ze-dah? No, for the christening cake and lemonade and the friendly greetings which came with a box of confections from friends in Chicago were all a part of the celebration.

And last but not least all hearts beat quicker in response ot the cottage yell given by the four boys of the "Academy," whose gentle manners and chivalrous behavior have endeared them each and all to the residents of Tower Hill. We cannot put on paper the ringing tones which came echoing back as the boys went down the hill singing

Sun-set,
Even-ing star;
Hill-top cottage,
Wah-ze-dah!

MARGARET HARDINGE.

* * *

TOWER HILL FROM A MINISTER'S STANDPOINT.

An Impression.

The impressions of Tower Hill upon a minister who has felt its hospitable spirit and enjoyed some of its good things may not be out of place. The spirit of freedom that pervades the intellectual atmosphere is perhaps the most striking characteristic. The greatest tribute to the high minded purpose of the guiding spirit of the hill is to be able to say that not a critical word of doctrine was spoken to make one conscious of denominational separations. Ministers and people of many different denominations here find an atmosphere in which all stand on common ground. A larger humanity and a deeper togetherness of spirit combine naturally here at Tower Hill with a wealth of landscape. Rich forestry; fragrance breathing pines and junipers; beautiful stretches of winding river, with sand flats, wooded islands, swift currents, and quiet bayous; graceful curves of high peaks and wooded hillsides; and the peaceful companionship of song birds with their friendly calls, all combine to make this hill a bower of beauty and rest. Add to this the mornings with Ruskin and Emerson, and the struggles of Paracelsus as he aspires and achieves in Browning's great soul drama that our leader makes eloquent for us, and the picture is complete. The quiet charm of nature surrounding the pavilion is a wonderful background of these master thoughts of genius. The hungry soul feeds on both with keen relish of body and spirit.

Tower Hill is quiet, restful. Here the tired mind can find refreshment. The weary minister and school teacher seeking relief from nerve tension can breathe the air of rest and quiet, with just enough intellectual food to refresh the soul. The worn-out clerk and hard pressed business man in search of a spot which has not been invaded by the desecrating touch of the city can find in Tower Hill a haven of rest.

May its guiding spirit enjoy many years of continued usefulness in this quiet and far reaching work.

H. F. HEGNER,
Pastor of Bethany Church, Chicago.
Tower Hill, Aug. 15, 1901.

Foreign Notes.

GAMBLING IN BELGIUM AND SWITZERLAND.—The subject of the gambling resorts in certain parts of Switzerland, notably in Geneva, is a frequently recurring one in the local public press and will certainly continue to be until the evil is abolished, for there are not wanting a certain number of citizens who feel keenly both the national opprobrium and the inevitably pernicious and demoralizing effects which existing toleration of these resorts involves. As it appears that they exist only by judicial favor in direct violation of existing provisions of the Swiss constitution, it would seem that their ultimate overthrow can be only a matter of time and persistent effort.

Switzerland being pre-eminently a country offering manifold attractions to tourists, whose sojourn in their teritory is naturally regarded as no small element in its financial or economic prosperity, the favorite argument of the proprietors and defenders of its casinos and other gambling resorts is that their abolition would diminish the attractions for pleasure-loving foreigners and seriously diminish that influx of tourists on which local prosperity so largely depends. But this appeal to the lower motive of pecuniary self-interest with the local voter and politician might well, if taken up by the press of such countries as England and America, which furnish a large proportion of these much-considered tourists, call out such an expression of foreign public sentiment as would give valuable moral support to that element in Switzerland which is striving to root out the evil.

While it would probably nowhere be claimed that there are any places in Switzerland so notoriously depending on their gambling revenues as did Ostend and Spa, the recent suppression of gambling privileges in Belgium offers an excellent opportunity to call attention to the persistent Swiss effort to put that country, too, beyond reproach. The following exracts from a recent article in *Le Signal*, of Geneva, will show how strong is the feeling on this subject:

"The education of our people by accustoming them to games of chance and consequently to the violation of law and the trampling under foot of the constitution still continues, and the establishments where this is carried on enjoy official favor.

"In Belgium gambling is abolished, in Switzerland it is favored; that is to say, the authorities charged with the execution of our laws encourage disobedience. In the former country toleration had been prolonged on account of the two balneary localities, Ostend and Spa, where the Belgian parliament thought it best to fix a limit of three years for the final cessation to this exploitation of gaming. Good citizens first secured the suppression of gambling throughout the kingdom; to-day they are occupied in putting an end to the reprieve accorded these two cities, and the parliamentary committee has decided by a vote of five to two to report in favor of the immediate suppression of the privilege granted these two bathing resorts.

"The *Journal de Geneve*, like the best Belgian papers, remarks that in Belgium the interests of the keepers of gambling houses are not considered as interests of the state. Would it be possible, in fact, to sustain in any avowable manner the interests of exploiters of illegal games? While Belgium is thus freeing herself from an institution which, from an ethical point of view, and might we not also say from an economic one, exerts an undesirable influence and injures the city which harbors it, what do we see in Geneva?

"There is the Kursaal, where various attractions keep a public, for the most part ignorant as to gambling, circulating about the tables of the *petits chevaux*. There is the Parc des Eaux-Vives, where the administration of the combined hotels maintains gambling, though ten times it has been declared that it must cease there. There is the Kermesse, where the education of so-called *greenies* is begun by tempting them to come up and take a chance, thus giving them their first experience of a very unhealthful excitement.

"All this countenancing of that which is essentially corrupting, which is hostile to our traditions, injures the reputation of our city, and is, furthermore, a direct and deliberate violation of our laws, cannot go on forever without protest."

As a matter of fact, protests have come already from a variety of quarters; from the Swiss Society of Public Utility, from the Apline Club, and clubs and organizations of various kinds. At the annual conference of the Swiss Reformed Churches, held in Gladus in June, the synod of Neuchatel proposed that the conference should take up this matter of the suppression of games of chance. In this, as in various other matters, however, the sentiment against centralization prevailed and it was deemed best to leave the matter in the hands of the cantonal committees of the districts particularly affected. These are the cantons of Argau, Bern, Geneva, Vaud and Zurich. It seems evident that before any successful appeal can be made to the federal authorities much has still to be done in the way of creating a strong public sentiment that shall demand the suppression of these games and the rigorous and literal observance of the constitution. M. E. H.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

I am sitting on a log bridge spanning Grand River—a bridge like those of ancient times made of fitted logs, with only a few spikes.

The sunshine sparkles on the willow leaves on the bank, touches the pines back of them with warm olive tints among the darker green and flashes on the broad river bed of bowlders.

The stream looks clear golden brown shaded to black and where the current is strongest it is like snow and liquid ice dashed down over the rocks.

The voice of the river is grand indeed and I am trying to get the meaning of it.

Looking up I see "Twin Peaks" like a woman's breast softly curved. It doesn't seem that they can be ten miles or more from here. The points are in view from my window at the Ranch house, and as we drive about the valley they are quiet, pale green resting places for the eye—not mysterious like so much else here.

The clouds are gathering beyond, and all along the east are rising above the hills and mountains. Over the bowlder-strewn hill at the right are thunder heads of beautiful white and silver and gray with a fringe of pine trees standing in relief against the cloud. If I were at home I should be sure of rain, but here I have learned that the rain is pretty sure to fall on the east slopes of the range.

The breeze comes up the river, filtered through warm sunshine and fresh from the snow lying still on the mountain tops.

At the left the hills are barren as on the other side, strewn with bowlders and gray with sagebrush in part, but with groups of pines covering spaces of the slope and fringing the tops; and farther, between me and Twin Peaks, is a mountain side of several acres covered with pines, dark in the shadow of the cloud and veiled in deep blue.

I feel the loneliness of the mountains and river, but I believe if I learn to interpret more of the mystery of their language, it will become calm and blessed peace.

The wonderful beauty of the flower covered garden spaces in the valley seem homelike and simple. There are as many as a hundred varieties of flowers in blossom now. There are many birds, too—among them the dear familiar robin and meadow-lark.

Dominating and guarding all, is the great mountain giant lying at ease on top of the mountain at the head of the valley, not far from Arapahoe mountain. I believe he holds the key to the whole mystery of the valley and I hope to learn part of the secret before I cross the mountains again. F. E. A. H.

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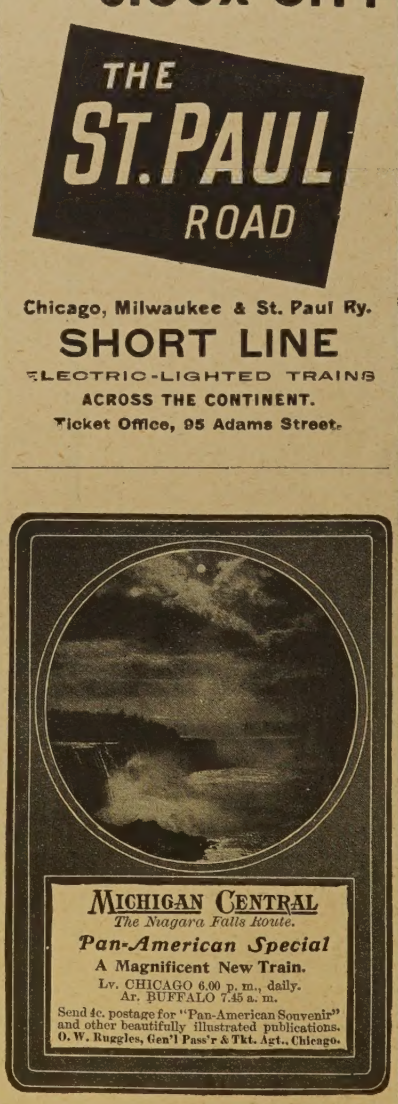

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